

PASSIONATE LOVE NOTES FOUND IN EFFECTS OF SLAIN MOVIE MAN

CODE USED IN LETTERS TO TAYLOR

"Oh, I Love You," Wrote Mary Miles Minter—Another Asked Trip to Bungalow.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 8.—Four letters, written in a code said to be familiar to school girls, were found among the effects of William Desmond Taylor, slain movie picture director.

Professors Love.

One, decoded, read:
"I love you—oh, I love you so. Had to come down because mamma remarked that I always seemed to feel rather happy after being out with you. So here I am. Camouflage. Furthermore, I am feeling unusually fine (more camouflage). I will see you later. God love you as I do."

Still another love letter in cipher, but unsigned, was found among Taylor's effects. This letter would indicate that the writer was deeply in love with Taylor. The code is simple and known to thousands of youngsters, and the translation is as follows:

"What shall I call you, you wonderful man? You are standing on the lot, the idol of an adoring company. You have just come over and put your coat on my chair. I want to go away with you, up in the hills or anywhere, just so we'd be alone—all alone. I like only make tea, and fetch the water and build the fire. Wouldn't it be glorious to sit in a big comfy couch by a cozy warm fire with the wind whistling outside trying to haremize with the faint, sweet strains of music coming from our Victrola? And then you'd have to get up and take off the record. Of course, I don't mean that, dear. Did you really suppose I intended you to take care of me like a baby? Oh, no, for this is my part. I'd sweep and dust (they make the sweetest little dust caps, you know) and the fresh ribbons on the snowy white curtains and feed the



You remember Ben Franklin and his key. The lightning helped him invent electricity! A lucky strike for him!

LUCKY STRIKE!

When we discovered the toasting process six years ago, it was a Lucky Strike for us.

Why? Because now millions of smokers prefer the special flavor of the Lucky Strike Cigarette—because

It's Toasted*

—which seals in the delicious Burley flavor

And also because it's Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

Follow On Until You Locate the

"SUPER-SPECIALS"

—which will mean real money saving for you. Here's a clue—look on page 8 at the top of our store news.

S. H. Hann Sons Co.
Washington D.C.



First picture of the exterior of the home of William Desmond Taylor, slain film director. The arrow points to the room in which the body of Taylor was found. Search of the house has revealed many passionate love letters, some of them written in "Cupid's Code."

birds and feed the flowers and oh, yes, set the table and help you wash the dishes and then in my spare time I'd darn your socks.

Would Wear Filmy Garments.

"I'd put on something soft and flowing. I might fall asleep, for a fire always makes me drowsy—then I'd wake to find two strong arms around me and two dear lips pressed on mine in a long, sweet kiss."

The love of Mary Miles Minter, favorite film actress, for Taylor speaks from a scented note written on the butterfly monogrammed stationery of the noted actress which was found in the effects of the murdered man.

When informed by detectives that this note had been found, Miss Minter at once admitted having sent it, and then passionately expressed her love for the slain director.

The note read as follows:

"Dearest:
"I love you—I love—I love you.
"xxxxxxx-x-x-x!"

"MARY."

Towering above the letters adjoining was the last "x," which was followed by an exclamation point inscribed firmly.

Promptly Avows Love.

"I did love William Taylor," she declared. "I loved him deeply and tenderly, with all the admiration and respect a young girl gives to a man with his poise and unflinching culture."

Out of the cloud of circumstances brought to light by the murder of the famous director shines the clear ray of this remarkable romance between the cultured, dignified man of fifty and the beautiful ingenue of nineteen.

In the search of Taylor's effects, conducted the morning after he met his mysterious death, one of the detectives, selecting a book from the case at random, idly fluttered the pages; out dropped a letter. He picked it up and found it to be the ingenious love letter quoted above. It was written on heavily embossed stationery.

On the wings and body of the butterfly crest appeared the words, "Mary Miles Minter."

Few Knew Secret.

Though many of their acquaintances knew of the close friendship existing between Miss Minter and the distinguished director, only a handful of intimates ever have understood the intensity of their love.

But for the letter so strangely discovered on the scene of a tragedy this romance perhaps might never have been disclosed.

It was at Santa Barbara two years ago that William Desmond Taylor and Mary Miles Minter met. He was her director and it was her first venture at motion pictures. She was very young, but she had the yearnings of the young girl to be treated as a "grown-up."

The unflinching courtesy which Mr. Taylor always accorded to all members of his company awakened the interest of his young star. Here was a man who treated her as a woman, who showed her the deference not usually accorded to the short skirts and curls she wore at that time. After completing several pictures at Santa Barbara, the company went to New York, and it was there in a little inn at Greenwich that Mary first realized her love for William Taylor.

Seek Rival's Letter.

Detectives were bending every effort to ascertain if any of the letters could be linked with the theory that a rival, goaded by jealous passion, had fired the shot that killed the film man.

The social and professional engagements of the actress and Taylor will be carefully scrutinized.

The police began working today on new clues, upon which they de-

Mystery Man in Film Death Regretted His Folly

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 8.—"What a damned fool I am to have done what I did!"

Nervous, intensely excited and apparently laboring under great mental strain, a man had just stepped from a taxicab before an apartment house at 400 South Rampart street, shortly after Taylor was slain.

The cab, driven by Carl M. Meister, of 435 North Occidental boulevard, had been through a twisting, turning series of fast drives for more than an hour, with two men and two women as passengers part of the time and each of the men alone the rest of the period.

Meister's story of the mysterious quartette and their actions started detectives off on another trail, and it was announced that valuable information had been gleaned on Meister's tip.

clined to comment, and a squad of detectives left central station on a mysterious mission, ordering that they be not followed.

At the same time private detectives were kept on guard at the home of Mary Miles Minter.

It was stated at police headquarters that the action at the Minter home was due, not to a fear of any harm coming to the popular star, but to keep morbidly curious persons away from the vicinity of Miss Minter's residence.

Because of the tremendous publicity given the "great cinema murder mystery," as the case is known in Hollywood, there have been a number of idlers seen near the lawn of the Minter home.

Henry Peavey, Taylor's valet, when questioned again today, added a new touch of romance to the tragic case by declaring that Taylor always kept in his dresser drawer a lace-edged woman's handkerchief and that frequently the director stood with this handkerchief in his hands, pressing it to his lips.

Some officers expressed the opinion that the handkerchief was a remembrance of a blighted romance in the past career of Taylor.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Mary Miles Minter, the film star whose love letter is the latest feature in the mystery concerning the murder of William Desmond Taylor, is well known here, both because she appeared here as a child in the stage drama and because she has been reported engaged by newspapers one time or another to at least a dozen men.

The dainty star, who draws a salary said to be in excess of \$100,000 a year, is really Juliet Shelby, daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, a Shakespearean actress. She was born in Shreveport, La., on April 1, 1902, which makes her just under twenty.

Her first screen appearance was in the "Fairly and the Wife," and her success in this play resulted in her engagement by the Metro Pictures, from which she graduated as star of the Reelart productions.

Miss Minter has in turn been reported engaged to a poet, a painter, a capitalist of Chicago, the manager of a fruit ranch at Santa Barbara, to Orville Erringer, of Portland, Ore.; to Thomas E. Dixon, son of the millionaire pencil manufacturer, and to half a dozen others.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELL'S
25c and 75c Packages Everywhere

Cuticura Soap
Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass.

CALIFORNIA PRESTIGE AS FILM CENTER, WANES

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The famous Players-Lasky Corporation announced today it was not going to abandon its studio in California.

It was also announced that the studio which Famous Players owns in Astoria, L. I., would be reopened April 1. The plans are at present to decrease the work in California and to produce several films at the studio in Astoria.

Arthur B. Reeve Tells How "Craig Kennedy" Would Unravel Case

By ARTHUR B. REEVE, Creator of "Craig Kennedy" Scientific Detective Stories. (Written Expressly for Universal Service. Copyright, 1922.)

Another of those fascinating sex mystery cases—this Taylor-Tanner case!

Nearly two years ago I recall that in the midst of the Elwell case I said:

"We may expect more of these sex crimes."

Well, here's another. But not the next. Merely a higher light in the subsequent series of high lights.

No use to pause to examine what started this wave of sex crime. In the present topey-turvey world of sex relations the sex outlet for criminal impulses is being overemphasized by many things.

It is just a week today since William Desmond Taylor was shot in his Los Angeles bungalow.

So far no one has unmeshed the mystery. Will it be like the famous Elwell case and remain a mystery? After all our sumptuary amendments and laws, is this the millennium—the millennium of mystery mongers?

Tragedies lurk in this sex pursuit. Taylor, like Elwell, was playing the most dangerous of all the criminal games—the woman game.

Rebuild the Crime.

Of course, the first thing a scientific detective, like Craig Kennedy, would do would be to reconstruct the case as it is at present, in the absence of the full facts; endeavor to motivate it.

There is a novel or a drama in any of a half dozen possibilities.

Bear in mind always, in doing so, one of the things I learned years ago from William J. Burns:

"You may find every reason why a man or woman could not have done a certain thing—and then you may find they did it."

The reason for it is simple. Back of us are only four or five hundred generations to the paleolithic.

First, then, suicide? That we can negative pretty confidently—with a lot more confidence than in the case of Joseph B. Elwell.

Second, did a woman shoot Taylor? We shall see. Perhaps. At least, a woman can throw light on it.

It wasn't many hours when the finger-print expert was on the job with his aluminum dust and high-power lens. Photographs of finger prints and palm prints were found all over the furniture by these experts.

Few of them were evidently the prints of men. Most of them were the daintier prints of women—not of the same woman. These girls left their "signatures" just as on a visitor's book.

Much stress has been laid by the detectives on the "Blessed Baby" letters of Mabel Normand to her intimate friend, the dead director. Who had the interest, the jealousy, perhaps, to try to get them, more than a week before? Who took the risk to get them after the tragedy, when they were first missed?

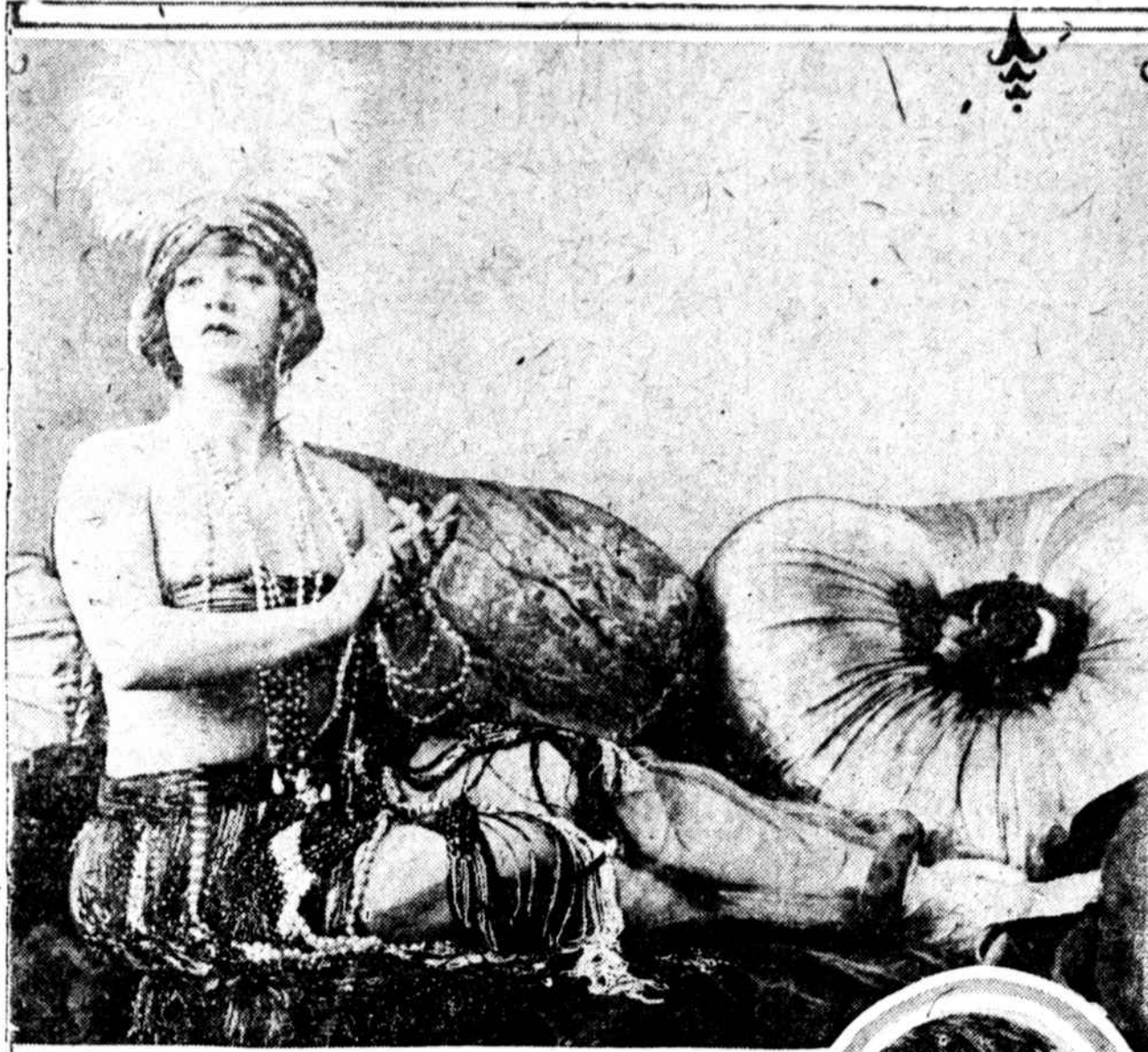
What else, if anything, among Taylor's private papers were missing?

A Pink Nightie.

Then—shades of Elwell—there was a pink "nightie" or so in the mahogany highboy. One day a servant folded it one way; next morning it would be folded another way. It was found; then, in spite of the experts, it disappeared. How?

Miss Normand was the last person we yet know to see him alive. She says she came to get a copy of one of Freud's books on psychoanalysis. It may have nothing to do with the mystery, but again this curse of Freud, who has had so much to do with the sex criminality is puzzling. Young people are running wild; older people are undermined by the so-called psychoanalysis. I often wonder who shall psychoanalyze our amateur psychoanalysts.

There are "snowbirds" in Los Angeles just as all over the country. People who act in pictures—and "see pictures." Someone said



Mary Miles Minter, famous film star, in the role of Cleopatra. She admits she loved the murdered movie director. Her ardent love letters are evidence of this affection.



—Photo by International.
WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR.
Murdered movie man.

Just to keep the record of possibilities: What about the hidden years in Alaska and elsewhere?

Nor must the blackmail motive be neglected. Much importance is attached to the renegade valet, E. F. Sands, with his alias, Fitz-Strathmore. Why his insolent assurance in claiming Taylor's stolen things in the name of "Deane-Tanner," and send the pawn tickets with the "Alias Jimmy Valentine" letters?

And did Taylor withdraw a large sum of money from his bank; only to lay it away safely and give it to no one? Why was he looking over his checks at the moment he was shot? What hold had Sands on him? Was he an agent of another? Why Taylor's excessive wrath and eagerness to "get" him?

There are dark chapters in the life of William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, whom the picture direc-

tories say was born in Cork, went to college in England, studied engineering in France and Germany, was an art connoisseur and antique dealer in New York, married, then suddenly leaving his wife and child to wander along the coast as far north as Alaska, finally making a port of missing men in pictures. Equally romantic was Taylor's personality and reticent nature.

Has the long arm of the past reached forth and stricken him down? Why did his brother disappear also? Is there some skeleton in the closet of the family? This would indeed be romantic. It has been rumored that the brother, Dennis Deane-Tanner, is also in pictures under an assumed name. Certain it is that the brother's wife received remittances now and then.

How About Alaska?

I don't know.

But if I were writing a fiction story I would evolve a mystic story from the past of a "black sheep" brother, of something back in Cork and Clifton College, of one brother holding a club over the other, and insolent about it; fugitive himself, but caring naught about it. Then the bitter conflict—a woman, perhaps—and the blow. What a story!

It all goes to show that Craig Kennedy is correct in holding that the murderer most difficult to catch is not the scientific criminal. He leaves clues through his own cleverness.

The ordinary detective may not be able to follow them, but in the last decade enough scientific detective, outside of action have been developed to make the scientific criminal tremble.

LOST GEM GAVE CLUE TO DUAL LIFE OF TAYLOR

Ring Left for Board Bill Revealed His Missions With Other Women.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—A gold ring, with one large glowing diamond in its center, provided Mrs. Ethel May Hamilton Deane-Tanner with the first proof that her vanished husband, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, later to become internationally known as William Desmond Taylor, noted film director, had been unfaithful. The marriage vows were pledged in "the Little Church Around the Corner" December 7, 1901.

The discovery of a definite hidden romance in her husband's life came to "Pete" Deane-Tanner's actress bride a few months after his peculiar disappearance October 23, 1908. How it came about developed today in an investigation of details of her successful divorce action, instituted two years after the disappearance. This decree became final on May 15, 1911.

The witnesses who won the wife's freedom were John Gleason and John Gradus, then respectively clerk and captain of bellboys in the fashionable Hotel Childworld in the Adirondacks.

Gleason, a white-haired, smoothly faced man of sixty, and others concerned in the divorce suit investigation at the time, told the story of the ring yesterday. Their stories inject a new mystery in the case in the apparent fact that Deane-Tanner, handsome young Irish-American business man, had such a fondness for members of the opposite sex that he frequently went away on short trips with women of beauty and unquestioned position.

In a general way, informants said, Mrs. Deane-Tanner, no doubt had rumors of these excursions, but believing them harmless, had kept the knowledge locked in her heart. The reason was explained thus:

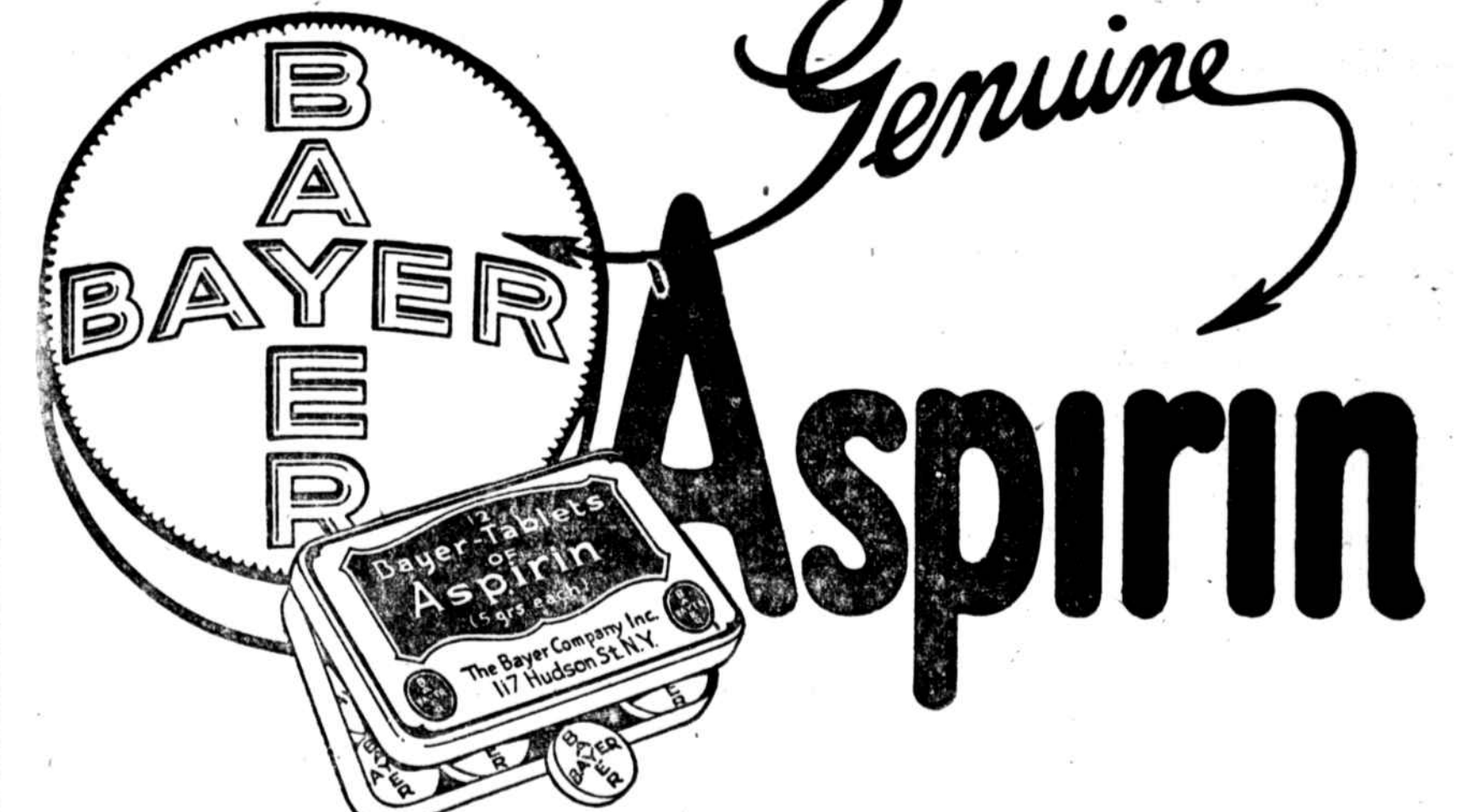
"Like many women of beauty and refinement, Mrs. Deane-Tanner proceeded on the theory that it was best to give a man a bit of rope. She did give 'Pete' plenty of rope. He didn't realize it and he never bothered to draw in the slack."

"After his disappearance Mrs. Deane-Tanner did not become worried for a fortnight. It is beautiful of her to say now that she thought he was a victim of asphyxiation. It is the last bit of laud she can twine about his brow."

"She found it difficult, however, to get evidence. Although there were many women and many men, too, who could help her, all felt an extreme reluctance, for one reason or another. Then it was that she searched once more through her husband's effects."

"She found a letter that appeared to offer a clue. It was from a firm of Boston lawyers, Hays & Williams, attorneys for old Major Dorr, proprietor of the fashionable Hotel Childworld, in St. Lawrence county."

"The letter informed Mr. Deane-Tanner that the hotel still held a diamond ring he had left as security for a board bill on July 15, 1908, and asked what disposition should be made of the ring. Mrs. Deane-Tanner turned this letter over to a lawyer."



WARNING! Always say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Toothache Headache Neuritis Neuralgia Rheumatism
Lumbago Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets cost only a few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.